

## BREAKING THE HEAT

for days now  
i have been listening  
to the birds and the dogs of summer

it will rain soon  
this has been mentioned  
through the static voice of the radio

the man across the street  
has been watering the same piece of lawn  
for as long as i can remember

green is stubborn under his feet  
the birds that come nearer to him  
have grown darker and larger

through the heavy of sleep  
i have a plausible dream  
about the mailman weeping with  
great personal tragedy  
when i hand him a heavy letter

cloud rumors are lying  
in grey lumps in the sky  
the trees are discussing this and  
telling it to the curtains

there is one curse of thunder far away  
and everything goes flat again  
against the day

## TO THE PEDESTRIANS

the beast in the field  
moves like grasses  
only his shape shows  
made of pale ripple  
and the subtle growl of the wind

there is broken glass at his feet  
heaven knows he is hungry  
but he is superstitious and  
just lies there  
waiting for luck to feed him

he is tame  
but children come to ride his back  
and look out at the sidewalk  
with wild death in their eyes

every night the shape sighs down  
into purple dream  
his outline breathing against the sky  
(!) do not take  
shortcuts then

#### FROM THE GARDEN

what can i give you  
if not food  
great sacks of produce  
picked from summer

words cannot do

"can't live on words" you say  
with one hand around  
a black eggplant  
the other holding  
the biggest zucchini we could find

"this one's for laughter" i said  
but you didn't even smile  
(your eyes that hungry)  
though you did manage "thank you"

well, the sun hangs in silence now  
behind the difficult weather  
behind the gray polluted sea of sky  
large green tomatoes  
hang heavily into September

the fair crowd wore sweaters again  
the fireworks at night  
sputtered into half-hearted patterns

we had beet tops for dinner  
strips of carrots  
fried green tomato slices  
late radishes  
and a twelve-ounce package of wieners  
that cost over a dollar

#### WEED BUFFALO

outside in the rain  
the weed buffalo  
is lying in the field  
asleep or patient  
waiting for  
another quirk of imagination  
to free him